

## SIX DAY BICYCLE RACERS TEAR ON TOWARD GOLDEN GOAL.



Mrs. Schineer Preparing Her Husband's Food.

Fred Schineer, the Chicago rider, is encouraged and aided by the presence of his wife, who has taken entire charge of the preparation of his food. She is constantly in the booth where her husband is quartered.

## Pierce, the Unexpected, Leaps to the Head of the Line of Whizzing Riders.

Like roulette balls fresh spun the long distance wheelmen are flying around the track at Madison Square Garden. As long as the hand plays or the crowd cheers they make their pedals whirl.

It was Miller at the start that led the motley procession, Miller in Stars and Stripes, and behind him a trail of barred and banded sweaters, with Haisa a Memphis topknot in green conspicuous in the pack. Then Miller stopped for twelve minutes, and Walter, the German, snatched the lead and held it for hours. Those twelve minutes cost Miller near as many hours of hard work to make up what he lost. Walter, never stopping, held his lead until tired nature rebelled and his twinkling legs refused to keep up the pace. Then came a new head to the comet of wheelmen. Pierce, who had been knocked nearly out of it by a fall, shot up to the fore. He seemed to be the one man who did not know how to get tired. Miller crept closer and closer to Walter, but Pierce kept his place by his clock at night there were still a couple of miles between the second two, but Pierce was five miles ahead of the first of the pair. Up to this time there had broken the record.

But they knew Pierce's turn to stop must come soon. They and their trainers watched for a sign of the leader's weakening. When Pierce stopped everybody knew a desperate race between the last year's champion and Walter was due. Eddie McDuffee met with an accident at a dogged double dozen of riders were on the track. They had not been at it long enough to tire the best of them, but the knowledge of the long journey that was ahead of them stooped the riders lower over their handle bars and drew the lines down on their faces. There was no crowd, no music, nothing to spur them on. They hung on in their same relative positions in the unceasing circling, as if they were all parts of the same machine, and the exposure on their faces was that of a woman waiting at a window at 3 a. m. for her husband.

A couple of them had dropped out during the night—Leslie and Rice—and the gloomy dawn was too much for Burke, so he drew off also. Last year's champion, took the lead as a matter of right, and held it until he went off for a rest. He wound around that track, not varying his speed a particle, and had the track been only an inch wide he would not have run off it.

Along about 8 o'clock in the morning peace began to come into Madison Square Garden. The effect on the riders was immediate. Miller shot further ahead; the others followed after his flag-clad figure. He seemed ready to sprint with any of them, but Walter hung closest to his rear wheel. When the hand came in the meters became positively faint. The tense look left their faces and they rode freely, and seemed to enjoy the sandwiches and coffee they snatched from their trainers as they sped past.

Not as Spry as They Look. But they were not as spry as they looked. A half dozen of them had given it up by noon. Among them was Smith, the Saratoga rider, who had a collision with Leslie. Leslie had to give up at once, but Smith, after an examination by Dr. Elliott, was pronounced fit to ride, and went back on the track.

For five hours he kept it up; then he almost fainted from pain and left the track. The doctor examined him again. Smith had been riding for five hours with a broken rib, the jagged ends of which had been sawing the tissues of his chest as he sped around the ring. Miller, in his Stars and Stripes suit, and Walter, in dirty white, kept absolutely together for a long time. They were tied in the lead. Finally, at half an hour past noon, Miller hopped off his wheel for a rest and something to eat. A roar went up from the crowd, because the duel between Miller and Walter was the most interesting feature of the race, and the eyes of everybody were upon these two.

"Now," cried Walter's friends, and away he sped. German fairly flew around the track, making the most of his great rival's absence. Pierce, Hall and Shiner followed at the top of their speed, and Miller, peace-finding, watched them leaving him far behind. In twelve minutes the champion was

## Rounding the Turn at Full Speed.

The suddenness with which the riders reappear on the stretch after making the curve, is almost startling to the spectators. Even while going at a great pace the cyclists partake of refreshment, and even at times solace themselves with cigars. Wallace especially is fond of smoking. He asserts that tobacco is his greatest solace during the long drawn out contest.

## Miller Forfeits the Lead to Rest and Waller Held First Place for a While.

## WHAT A LONG DISTANCE EXPERT SEES AT THE RACE.

By Teddy Edwards.

And they said that I was doing hard work when I rode one hundred miles a day! Careful studying of the great riders who are plugging at the Madison Square Garden track has convinced me that I was nothing more than a novice.

Waller's wonderful endurance leaves me out of it. The grand form which enables these men to go along hour after hour and yet ride as though the contest had just started surpasses anything I have ever witnessed.

Individually every one of these men deserves all the commendation that may be given to them. Collectively they are the finest body of athletes that ever fought for fortunes upon the cycle track.

Frank Waller has my utmost admiration. He completed three consecutive centuries in one day without dismounting from his wheel and added fourteen miles to that score. And he did not take a day to do it, either, hardly exceeding the limit of sixteen hours once set by the Century Road Club for one century on the road.

Another man who has the sympathy of those on the inside is Burns V. Pierce, who has been married for ten years, although he is but thirty years old. He has three children at home. Pierce was another of the pacemakers of the season, and pacing money does not provide a very liberal salary for a family of five. He bids fair to quit this race rich in money and reputation should he hold out.

Before he started he said to me: "I have run six times in these big races, have always had a good excuse for not winning, and now I want but the chance to win without these excuses, when I think I shall be able to show the real stuff there is in me and then rest for a time."

Fredericks, the Swiss rider, had troubles of his own during the day, but, recovering from these, started out to stay forty-eight hours in the saddle. He was forced to abandon this plan, but traveled right along when he did get up again, to him. Fredericks is one of the most contented men on the track and is satisfied to hold his own with the leaders until it comes to the finish, when he will first draw upon his vitality to its full extent.

Stephane, the old man, arms extended, head bowed over, colored glasses over eyes, and all that, is the same Stephane that held on so long last year until compelled to stop owing to the accident to his knee. Those who know this great rider rest content with the thought that he is still on the track and body whole. "Just wait," it takes three days for him to wake up," say they.

"Doggie" Stevens, the "kid from Buffalo," and the youngster of this contest, first dined the colored glasses. This gave him a look which brought out the statement from unknown ones that he would be out of it. But they little know this great little rider.

William Faversham as Lord Wheatley, scored a most decided hit and was heartily applauded at the close of the service. J. H. Benrimo as Mouniki Pasha, the Turkish Governor, and Guy Standing as Constantino, the nephew of the Lord of Neopoli, were worthy of special mention.

Jessie Milward, as the Lady Euphrosyne Phroso, was instantly a favorite, going through the part with dignity and intelligence, and making as charming a stage figure as has been seen here for many a day. In her support, Eleanor Moretti, who

## SOUVENIRS AT THREE THEATRES.

Herald Square, Madison Square and Fourteenth Street.

Jewel boxes of silver, satin-lined, with half-tone character portraits of Edwin Fox and Marie Dressler on the covers, comprised the souvenirs handed out last night at the Herald Square Theatre, the occasion being the seventy-fifth performance of "Hotel Topsy-Turvy," now running there in a second edition conception.

To celebrate his seventy-fifth appearance at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, "The Village Postmaster" last night handed out dainty souvenirs in the shape of china tea sets. This delightful picture of New England life continues to please crowded houses. Frank Mordaunt has returned to the cast.

Gracefully designed silver card receivers, gold lined, were distributed as souvenirs at the Madison Square Theatre last night, signaling the fiftieth rendition of the frolicsome farce "On and Off."

One encores, and all of the very pleasant sort, greeted Henry V. Donnelly's ambitious production of a dramatization of Dumas's "Three Guardsmen" at the Herald Square Theatre. The play, which is an appreciative audience found its interest claimed from the first rise of the curtain.

The grand finale of the evening, which was a splendidly staged and excellently acted, was the play "The Sign of the Cross" received last night at the Grand Opera House. The production was a company, headed by Charles Dalton, from the Lyric Theatre, of London, will present it during this week.

"The Lost Paradise," is in for good business at the Third Avenue Theatre. This selection by Manager Brunelle appears to be a happy one, judging from the lucky receipt of money was night by the good-sized audience. The clash between labor and capital, about which the play hinges, appealed to many of the patrons.

His popularity with Harlemites was again attested last night when Dr. Wolf Hopper appeared at a splendid audience at the Harlem Opera House for a week's run in "The Charlatan." Sousa's and Klein's catchy music appeared to delight its hearers.

A brace of debuts graced the programme at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre yesterday, and the debutants, Marshall P. Wilder and Burr McIntosh, each scored a complete triumph. The diminutive jester, Wilder, never had more appreciative audiences, and they laughed uproariously at his grimaces, his stories and songs. The breezy McIntosh was seen in one of the rugged portraits of Southern character which he always seems to embody. Yesterday he was seen in "The Colonel's Xmas Eve," made a hit. A lot of amusement was found in the skit, "A Funny Mistake," presented by Gaudier and Ely, and buffoonery was furnished by Morton and Revelle. The other entertainers were Tom and Lily Engle, who sang "The Merry Widow," and Ramon Brothers, Byron G. Harlan, Fox and "Foxy," the Maginleys, and a dozen more.

Kittie Mitchell isn't much of a singer, in fact, she seemingly doesn't understand the difference between holding and carrying a note. But she has excellent enunciation and she knows how to speak the words of a song so effectively that after she has finished one song her audiences insist upon having her tell them another. Yesterday at Kelt's Union Square Theatre she talked through her songs and did it so oddly that she made decidedly favorable impressions. Felix Morris and his company revived "A Game of Cards," the three Viona Sisters performed entertainingly on musical instruments. Charles Case caused laughter with his bright monologue, and a score of subordinate entertainers filled out the programme.

The big military spectacle, "San Juan," and a vaudeville bill form a strong combination at the Pheasant Palace, for the house is daily and nightly crowded to its capacity. The military production is inspiring and picturesque. Children in particular have made the Palace a "fad" since

## TO BREAK JAIL WITH JACK KNIVES.

Westchester Prisoners Have the Laugh on the Sheriff.

"We are off! You lose; we win!" Such was the deaf of Charles O'Connor and William Keller to the county of Westchester, out of the fall of which they escaped yesterday with jackknives. There were three keepers in charge of the jail at the time and they were immediately suspended. The keepers were John Livingston, Joseph Acton and Henry Van Scoy.

The prisoners were on the top row of cells and had been given the order of walking inside the cage-work for exercise. They had secured a bar of iron and with it pried open a couple of bars along the top of the cage large enough to allow them to go out one at a time. Both had jackknives in their possession and when they got out of the jail they used them to cut through the work of the woman's department, where there is only a temporary roof of boards they had little difficulty in cutting their way through. Then with the aid of a ladder left by the women they quickly reached the roof and from there the ground.

The escape is very mortifying to the Sheriff and Supervisors of the county, as they have been spending \$75,000 to render the jail unbreakable.

McCallagh to See Corbin To-morrow. State Superintendent of Elections John McCallagh said yesterday that he would leave this city to-morrow for Washington to see Adjutant-General Corbin, in relation to the work of reorganizing the police force in the city of Havana. Superintendent McCallagh said he believed the Spanish police force to be still in charge there but they will soon leave, he said he would send his report to Governor Black in regard to his work as State Superintendent of Elections in about ten days.

Chat of the Theatres. Dress rehearsal at the W. H. Crane Company at the Knickerbocker Theatre of "The Head of the House of Hades," which is a comedy by Clyde Fitch and Leo狄里施特, which is to have its first presentation there to-night, found the audience very much interested.

Spending the evening at the Academy of Music last night, seeing her old part of Nora, after an illness of ten days.

A splendid bill is promised those who are at the New York City benefit, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, which will be given by the company, in sympathy with the venture, and singers, the experienced and variety performers will co-operate. Among those whose names are on the bill are Marie Dressler, Edwin Fox, Laura Burt, Madge Kennedy, John H. Brown, and others.

GAVE FORTUNE TO PAY DEPOSITORS. President McManes's Sacrifice of \$400,000 Pays the Broken People's Bank Depositors Dollar for Dollar.

Philadelphia, Dec. 5.—The promise made by President James McManes, of the ill-fated People's Bank, that no depositor would lose a dollar, was made good this noon when the last dividend of 10 per cent was paid by Receiver Thomas W. Barlow.

This payment settled every uncontested claim against the bank, including those of the city and State.

When the People's Bank closed its doors last June the wreck was believed to be beyond hope of repair. But President McManes a few days after the failure gave his word that he would pay the depositors.

This sacrifice was purely voluntary. Barlow had said to the receiver when he was appointed: "I was the president of that bank; I am responsible for more than that, and I am going to pay it."

POLICE CAPTURE MURDER SUSPECT. Fitzgerald Was Killed in a Fight and Schwar Is Now Arrested.

Frederick Schwar, of No. 229 East Forty-fifth street, was arrested yesterday on suspicion of having killed Joseph Fitzgerald, of No. 208 East Thirty-eighth street, on November 20, in a saloon at No. 677 Third avenue. Schwar was arraigned in Yorkville Court and committed to Coroner Hart, who held him without bail.

Fitzgerald was in the saloon, which is widely known as the "Green" between Schermerhorn and Havermeyer halls, on the fourth and fifth floors of the building, when he was killed. Though the blow was said to have been from a man's fist, Fitzgerald died almost immediately.

The police were given a description of the man who struck Fitzgerald, and Captain Fitzgerald was taken yesterday at the home of his aunt, No. 428 East Eighty-second street.

Four Columbia Dormitories. The trustees of Columbia University decided yesterday to build four dormitories as soon as the Alumni and other give the funds necessary. They will be built on the "Green" between Schermerhorn and Havermeyer halls, on the fourth and fifth floors of the building, when he was killed.

Special Notices. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is the most reliable remedy for all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is the most reliable remedy for all the ailments of Infants and Children.

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